



## Nothing Was The Same

[love](#)

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### Chapter 1 by Melissa Morales

I chose to believe every word I was fed and I thought the coals on my back were a product of the lack you left when you stepped back and racked your brain for a reason to stay, but you could not seem to formulate any such thought in your head. So you left with nothing more than a reason you kept silent and my mind with riots stuck in self perpetuation mental violence and dreams kept private. The ambition to fix this wish list of selfish misfits realist missions contained within a vision of wishful thinking and sinking deep into a new bit of misproportioned emotions leaking through a seeping truth construction by my need to feel important when you would look back and think of me when you think back to all those little things that you regret. I just want you to think of me when you think back to all those little things you regret. I spent so much time convincing myself that the rest of this mess that I stress within this relationship was a product of the world's oppression, not my deep desire to be needed. And it's hard to admit but I guess I've come to terms with the fact that I just wanted to be needed, and I convinced myself that I needed to be needed. And if that was true than I would still be smiling like you still today but for different reasons. I chose to dismiss the possible instance that the lips I love to kiss could form the words goodbye and it was a simple lie but I told you and like the captain of a sinking ship

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when I saw the shape of your dress when you wore it. And that was enough until it wasn't and that's when you finally felt supported. So the others courted you and you mentally recorded and endorsed the force perform of compliments you received when you felt empowered enough to take your final bow and find love within the arms of another instead of this heart of mine. And that's fine leave me. Not because I'm useless, and not because I'm broken, not because I'm worthless. But because I saw value in your smile but not in your values, and I'm sorry, and I love you. And that's why I can finally sleep at night, because you are free and you can thrive, and I'm happy I got to be apart of your life. I'm just happy I got to be apart of the journey that you call your life. I finally feel fine because I spent so long trying to change you, not realizing I was the one who needed change. I was selfish to assume you loved me more than you love yourself even though I never felt the same. And there's so many things that my selfishness tried to take away but you were the one that was the hardest to watch walk away. But thank you for letting me be apart of everything that you were building and creating and finding truth and life and you were relating to so much beauty, and I love you, and I'm sorry. Thank you for letting me be apart of your journey. Thank you for letting me be me. Thank you for setting me free and showing me love in its full capacity.

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